



SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1910

Two Sabbath Incidents

Sunday School Lesson for May 1, 1910
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Matthew 23:1-14. Memory verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I will have mercy, and not sacrifice."—Matt. 23:17.

TIME.—Early summer of A. D. 30. Mark and Luke place the event earlier than Matthew's grouping would indicate.

PLACE.—Some field and synagogue in Galilee; probably in Capernaum.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

A Work of Necessity.—Vs. 1-8. The Cause of Criticism (v. 1). What act of the disciples seemed to defy the law of the Sabbath? "Can you not imagine that quiet Sabbath afternoon walk through the ripening cornfields? The sun is declining in the western sky, there is not a cloud in the blue heavens, the breath of wind stirs the wheat-field now white with harvest. To-morrow busy reapers will be here with the sickle, to begin the great work of the year—the cutting and carrying of the grain. Then the heavy ears and the light ears, the scarlet poppy and the blue-bottle and the purple corn-cockle will be mown down together. As Jesus and the twelve walk through the corn-fields they are hungry, and they pluck the ripe ears, rub them in their hands, blow away the light husk, and eat the hard brown-yellow grains that remain in their palms."—Rev. S. Haring-Gould.

The Charge (v. 2). What was it in the act that the Pharisees, spying upon them, objected to? Not taking the grain or eating it, but the manual work involved. Reaping and threshing were properly forbidden on the Sabbath, and the Pharisees insisted that plucking grain with the hands was a kind of reaping, and rubbing the husk off was a kind of threshing.

C. The Fourth Reply (vs. 3-8). Our Lord's answer to the Pharisees' charge is especially interesting because of its variety.

First Reply, the Example of David (vs. 3, 4). Who, when fleeing from Saul, persuaded Ahimelech the priest to feed him and his hungry followers with the twelve symbolic loaves of bread kept on the golden table in the Holy Place of the tabernacle to signify that God was the provider of the people's food.

Moreover, this was done on the Sabbath, the day when the leaves were changed (see Inductive Study 3), and no one but the priests was allowed to eat that sacred food. Thus Jesus "met them first on their own ground; because life is more than law, even according to rabbis."—Ian MacLaren.

It was an illustration of the far greater importance of human need than any ceremonial requirement or outward form, however sacred. "Perhaps there may be just a hint in the double. Have ye not read? that they could not produce Scripture for their prohibition, as he would do for the liberty which he allowed. The first illustration is perhaps chosen with some reference to the parallel between himself, the true King, now unrecognized and hunted with his humble followers, and the fugitive outlaw with his band."—Alexander MacLaren, D.D.

Second Reply, the Example of the Priests (vs. 5, 6). For whom the Sabbath is the busiest day of the week. But no one blames them, but rather all men praise them, because they are serving God's holy temple.

Third Reply, the Law's Real Requirement (v. 7). Which is mercy, and not sacrifice—a point upon which the prophets often insist.

Fourth Reply, Christ's Authority (v. 8). Mark's account precedes these words with the notable utterance, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." The Sabbath was not made to annoy man, restrict him, impoverish him, but to enrich him, free him from bondage to toll, bless him with the highest joys that God can bestow upon him.

A Work of Mercy.—Vs. 9-14. A. The Blessed Opportunity (vs. 9, 10). What is the best test of correct Sabbath keeping? See whether it conforms to Christ's example! Seven of his recorded miracles were performed on the Sabbath, among them, this of the withered hand.

What sad case won Christ's sympathy? A man which had his hand withered—his right hand, the most useful one, as Luke the physician carefully noted.

Tradition says the man begged Christ to heal him, and Luke tells us that the scribes and Pharisees were there watching him, as they had dogged his steps through the wheat-field, watching him furtively, the Greek implies.

yet their fanatical spirits were more enraged by Christ's defiance of their absurd Sabbath restrictions than by anything else he ever did. They at once began to plot how they might destroy him. To such depths can a man's selfish pride bring the human heart!

The Scrap Book

A Writer in the Wrong Pew.

When James Payn was editor of the Cornhill Magazine his private office was invaded one day by an unnamed visitor who had managed to evade the porter downstairs. The caller's hair was long, and his clothes were shabby and untidy. He had a roll of paper in his hand. Payn, surmising a poet and an epic several thousand lines long, looked up.

"Well, sir?"

"I've brought you something about sarcoma and carcinoma."

"We are overworked with poetry—couldn't accept another line, not if it were by Milton."

"Poetry!" the caller flashed. "Do you know anything about sarcoma and carcinoma?"

"Italian lovers, aren't they?" said Payn imperturbably.

The caller retreated with a withering glance at the editor. Under the same roof as the Cornhill was the office of a medical and surgical journal, and it was this that the caller sought for the disposal of a treatise on those cancerous growths with the euphonious names which, with a layman's ignorance, Payn ascribed to poetry.—McClure's.

Things to Forget.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd, A leader of men, marching fearless and proud, And you know of a tale whose mere telling would cause his proud head to be in anguish and bowed, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away in a closet and guarded and kept from the day In the dark and whose showing, whose sudden display, Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy, That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy, A fellow or cause any gladness to cloy, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Hoist With His Own Petard.

The girl with the soft, appealing eyes looked up at the tall, broad shouldered young man who was hovering about her with a protecting air, having just won her from a hated rival.

"Jim," she murmured, "now that we've been engaged ever since last night, and you won't ever need to be jealous again, I've brought you to select a tie for—anyway, you will, won't you? A man's taste is so correct in such things."

"For Phil, you mean? Of course I will," Jim replied with a magnanimous air. "This green tie with the yellow stripes is fine and dandy. Get him that."

"Are you sure it is quite your choice?" the girl asked anxiously. "Usually you select such quiet ties."

"That is precisely my taste," the young man said glibly.

The girl exchanged a two dollar bill for the gaudy necktie and a moment later slipped it into her companion's hand.

"Jim," she said, "I can't just keep it secret as instant longer. It's really for you—the first gift I've ever given you—so I wanted it to be exactly what you liked. You must wear it always when you come to see me," added the possessor of the soft, appealing eyes, with an adorable blush.—Kansas City Times.

An Eye Out.

Dispute over a cab fare in London gave Henry Herman, the dramatist, opportunity for playing a grim joke at the driver's expense. Herman was the unfortunate possessor of a glass eye, which, on Jehu's waxing demonstrative with his whip, whereof the lash passed perilously near, he suddenly pulled out and thrust in cabby's face. "You rascal," he vociferated, "look what you've done! You've cut my eye out!" Without waiting for the money in dispute the driver lashed his horse and fled aghast.

A Sad Experience.

C. K. G. Billings, the famous horseman, had a sad, heartbreaking experience with the first horse he ever owned.

When quite a young man Mr. Billings fancied a fast trotting mare priced to him at \$2,000; but, not having more than \$500 to his name, he persuaded his mother to advance him the balance, which she did after much coaxing and begging. In due time his father heard of the fast trotter his son had bought and expressed a desire to try her.

The request was complied with, and after a few spins on the road the old gentleman asked how much he had paid for her.

"Six hundred dollars, father," was the answer.

"Well, Charley, the mare is not worth it," said the governor, "but I rather like the way she steps, so I will take her from you, and you can have your \$500."

The deal had to be closed.

Real Economy.

"Martha," said old Silas Long to his wife, "I think I'll go and get a few apples from the orchard."

He looked at her timidly. She said: "Well, be careful now, Si, only to pick the bad ones."

"Suppose there ain't no bad ones, Martha?"

"Then ye'll have to wait till some goes bad, of course," the old lady snapped. "We can't afford to eat good, sound fruit with 3 cents a bushel."



THIRD ARTICLE.

If every farmer who has a hard milking cow would use husking gloves when draining the animal he would find it a sure cure for the holdup habit. Some cows are tight by nature and have a deep aversion to loosening up. When a tight disted heifer feels the warm clasp of a pair of spike studded mitts, however, she will be ready to give to the heathen, if necessary.

The self opening farm gate is a delusion and a snare. We used to have one, and it was a bigger four flush than an elder who led a double life and a camp meeting at one and the same time. This gate was guaranteed to open at the sound of its master's voice in the teeth of a head wind and was warranted halter broke and sound of wind and limb. As a matter of fact, that gate always had to be opened with a set of jack screws and a season of prayer.

It was the biggest nuisance on the place and caused all the hired help on the farm to fall from grace. We finally gave it to a Methodist neighbor who wanted to test his piety.

A farm paper raises the interesting query, "Can a farmer raise mules and retain his church membership?" It depends on what church he belongs to. It is easy if he is an Episcopalian, but if he is a hard shell Baptist it is a little doubtful. We had a Methodist neighbor who tickled the curriculum of a mule in a moment of playfulness and had both of his eyeteeth riveted to his collar button in reward, and when he came to the next day he rose to his feet, repeated the third chapter of Nehuchadnezzar backward, then swore a streak which blistered the lining out of a new steel range. The man who can rear a family of mules from help-

When chickens perspire too freely and take cold it will usually be found that their pinfeathers need resetting.

OPENING A GATE WITH PRAYER.

CHASE THE BIRD AROUND THE BACK YARD

This is a simple and easy process and will save many a pullet from pneumonia. Chase the bird around the back yard until the perspiration oozes from her pores, then lay her on her back and blink the pores with portland cement, which will hold the pinfeathers in place.

If your gasoline engine bucks, it will do no good to hammer it over the foretop with an ax. First see if the crossbar which connects the cuspidor with the spark plug has not been short circuited, then examine the bowels of the water jacket with a dark lantern in search of microbes. If this does no good, run your gasoline through at Oystermere mattress and hang out to dry.

A good many of the fashionable hotels of the country are introducing pumpkin seed tea as a vermifuge. The plan is a good one. The pumpkin has been the butt of ridicule in song and story ever since it displaced the Hubbard squash as a choice entre, but we are here to say that a nine inch slab of pumpkin pie, washed down with cider vinegar and dill pickles, will make a section man's stomach sit up and take notice. The man who clasps a cold pumpkin pie to his bosom on an empty stomach and survives the ordeal will never need a massage for his digestive apparatus.

We have a word to say to the farmer's wife. If your husband sticks up his nose at the meals lead him up to the feed-cooker by the ear and tell him to drench his appetite with pig fodder. Some men will sit down in their own home, before a nicely cooked meal and roar from soup to apple pie about the way things taste, but they will go to town and let a fifteen cent dinner soak into their esophagus without a murmur. We knew a man who kept this up for a number of years, and one day his wife reached over the spoon holder and jerked him into several kinds of dishabille before the whole family. When he got his jaw back into alignment and picked his false teeth out of the gravy he was a changed man, becoming so mellow in spirit that he offered to go four rounds with a soup bone. As a rule, we deplore violence in the home, but sometimes the only way to get along with a cross grained feeder is to beat him up with a mop handle.

A nearby reader who has a fine herd of male and female bees asks us, "How can you catch the queen bee so as to clip her wings?" We generally use a scoop shovel with a pucker string, which should be slipped over the shoulders of the bee and tied in a bowknot, after which the wings can be clipped with a pair of tinners shears. The

We are asked, "How can you best tell the age of a hen?" There is only one way and that is by the color of the tail feathers at the molting period. A yearling hen wears primrose tail feathers, a six-year-old favors the polka dot effect, and the fowl bowed down with age and grief wears hers docked and done up in a hair net. The farmer who can't tell the exact age of a pullet by face to face inspection of her tail feathers ought to leave the farm and study law.

Up to Date.

She—What's that curious looking charm you are wearing on your watch chain?

He—That is our new coat-of-arms—chaffeur rampant, policeman couchant, justice of the peace expectant.

Easily Arranged.

The calcium was out of order.

"I can't do my best without a glare," averred the star.

"I can manage that," responded the impresario. "I'll station one of the other prima donnas in the wings."

The Witness' Objection.

Judge—Swear that, witness!

Witness—Now, Judge, I came down here to do my duty in a peaceable manner, and I don't want to be cussed by anybody!—Judge.

Knights of Pythias,

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This organization is one of the most powerful in the country and its progress has been phenomenal. The Grand Lodge of Virginia has jurisdiction over all of the cities and counties in this state. Thirty males are required to organize a new lodge. The benefits paid constitute one of its strongest features, but the principles are greater than anything else. Founded on Friendship, based on Charity and established on Benevolence, the respectable, upright people of the state will find it an order worthy of their heartiest support.

It pays an endowment and burial benefit of \$200.00 for all ages. It pays \$4.00 per week sick dues. The badge costing 75 cents each is the only absolutely necessary regalia. For information concerning the organization of lodges apply at the main office.

The Courts of Calanthe

Is the Female Department of the Order. It requires a membership of thirty persons to organize a court. Its members are pledged to exhibit Fidelity, exercise Harmony and prove Love one for the other. It pays an endowment and burial benefit of \$150.00. It pays \$3.00 per week sick dues. The only expense for regalia is the cost of the badge, 50 cents and a rosette, costing 25 cents for funeral occasions.

For all information concerning special rates of membership in the lodges and courts, address

John Mitchell, Jr.,
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THOUGHT HE HAD 'EM.

The Surprise That Greeted Him After His Debauch.

A millionaire who had queer ideas of humor and the means to carry them into effect lived in great style near Monte Carlo. This man had an ivory white villa on a gray crag in a garden of palms and roses, fronting the sun and sunlit sea. Here he would entertain his friends with practical jokes.

One night, after roulette at the casino and supper at Ciro's, a party of young men were taken to the villa. A certain young man had drunk a little too much vintage champagne at the elegant restaurant, and him the host resolved to play one of his jokes upon. So when the young man fell asleep in the billiard room two servants, repressing their smiles, carried him away.

The other guests were awakened the next morning by the host in person. He led them through sunlit marble

corridors, through room whose walls of glass gave views of the blue Mediterranean, of sailing ships, rose gardens and the faroff maritime Alps, with their pale snow caps. Finally he brought them to a peephole.

The scene they saw through their peephole was absurd. A dazed man in evening dress, slowly waking to consciousness, lay on a white plastered floor and looked up in horror at a carpeted ceiling. A massive bed, a bureau, washstands and armchairs, all securely fastened, stared down at him from above. His eyes rested on a huge tub directly over his head, in which a fine palm was growing downwards. He gave a yell of terror, rolled over and clutched with frenzied hands the stem of the chandelier, which came up through the plastered floor.

Thereupon the practical joker of a host burst, with a loud laugh, into the room.

"They all do it!" he cried. "They all without exception grab the chandelier for fear they will fall up to the ceiling!"

Be Considerate.

We lose trust in each other not through the faults of our neighbors, but because of our own exactions. We expect too much from others, too little from ourselves, always viewing our friends from our standpoint, forgetful of the suffering, the worry and the toll which demand attention on our right and left.

Patriotic.

That Kentuckians have a very high regard for their native state is illustrated by this anecdote told by one of them:

Once a Kentuckian died, so a near relative went to the local tombstone artist to arrange about an inscription on the deceased's tombstone.

After due cogitation the near relative said:

"Carve on it, 'He's gone to a better place.'"

"I'll carve, 'He's gone to heaven,' if you want me to," remarked the tombstone artist, "but, as for that other inscription, there's no better place than Kentucky."

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